

Martin Boy Stolen by Neighbors

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

however, between my first and second course. That was in 1877 and 1878. I spent those winters in Sioux City, where my father moved after leaving Buffalo.

"After I was graduated I returned to Sioux City to practice medicine. I took with me there my wife, whom I married when I was twenty-three years old. She was Miss Hannah M. Fletcher, of Michigan. We had two children, Harvey and Howard, now twenty-seven and twenty-four years old, respectively. Harvey is a doctor now, but the past five years he has been running a cattle ranch in South Dakota. My other boy, Howard, is with me on the farm here. My first wife died fourteen years ago. While I was practicing in Sioux City I visited my son and met Miss Ruth Swift, a handsome and cultured woman, whom I married in Yankton, S. D., in September, 1886.

Wife Becomes Physician.

"My sons were glad to see me married, and her people were enthusiastic over the wedding. A few years after we were married my wife was graduated in medicine and we practiced in Sioux City under the shingle 'H. N. & Ruth Marvin, M. D.s.' Our practice was extensive and a complete financial success.

"On May 5, 1891, John Swift Marvin was born. Two years later, less a day, my baby Horace was born." Here Dr. Marvin's voice shook and his words died away in a sob.

"Both children were beautiful. They had their mother's fair face and large blue eyes. Our home was a bright and happy one. She was a most successful physician and traveled many miles to visit patients throughout the State of Iowa.

"About a year and a half ago she began to go into decline. The climate had not agreed with her and soon her heart was affected. Sioux City's altitude and air were breaking her down fast and I determined to find a more healthful home for her. By consulting Government maps I ascertained that Delaware was in the lowlands and was swept by brisk sea breezes. After satisfying myself that Delaware was one of the best places for sufferers from heart trouble I came to Dover in January, 1898, to look for a farm. I wanted to buy three farms, so that my boys and I could raise stock and be together.

"We remained in Dover for a few weeks and returned to Sioux City. She continued to fall and we came back last summer. I made up my mind then that I would move to Dover if I could find a farm in this section to suit my wife. When we got back to Sioux City my wife was worse off than ever. She was an invalid from July to November, when she died in my arms, leaving two babies to keep her memory ever fresh in my mind.

Moved For Horace's Sake.

"Shortly after my wife's death little Horace became affected by the climate in Sioux City, and I determined that he should not succumb to the altitude and injurious air. I came to Delaware to save him from the climate, but the damnable treachery of the kidnaper was never dreamed of.

"February 16, I stopped at the Capitol Hotel in Dover with my two little boys, my son Howard and his wife, and my mother-in-law, Mrs. Flossie M. F. Swift. I drove out toward Kitt's Hammock to look over this farm, because it was so near the bay and less swampy than any other tract of land. Three months before my visit his little boy was kicked to death by a horse. I heard that the accident disturbed Mrs. Woodall's mind, and her husband desired to move because of the associations which reminded him of his child.

"I asked him the price of his farm. He said \$7,000. I made no attempt to trim his price a single dollar. He said he wanted \$800 for the personal effects. They were scarcely worth that much, but I paid it because I wanted the farm. "When the contract was signed I paid him \$1,000. On April 1, I paid him \$1,800, the remainder of his share in the farm. There are several mortgages to be satisfied and a widow is to receive a dower. He got every cent that was coming to him. We have never had any words, both of us being satisfied. I have never had words with anyone around here or anywhere else. That is something I won't have with anyone, trouble. I never had a lawsuit in my life. No bill was ever presented to me twice. I have given away thousands of dollars.

"You can ask anyone from Iowa if I have any enemies there. They will tell you that no man in the State has as many friends as I.

Furniture Impressed Neighbors.

"My family was large and a great deal of costly furniture fell into my hands when my parents died. I have two brothers, L. D. and L. R. Marvin, in Grand Rapids and Muskogee. They took none of the furniture. I did not want to give this away or sell it for little or nothing, so I brought it here to furnish the three farm houses I intended buying. It was an entire carload. There were several expensive sets of furniture, some tapestry, paintings, china, and porcelain. It was far better than is seen in the average country farm house.

"On Friday, March 1, I started moving to the farm. Charles Woodall, Frank Butler, and my son, Howard, did the hauling. Woodall and Butler admired the furniture a great deal. They said it was the best ever seen on Jones' neck. They said they wished they had some like it. Anyone could see that they thought I was immensely wealthy. Both admired little Horace and made friends with him.

"Friday night I went back to the hotel with my children. Before going I found Woodall and Butler on the farm and asked if they intended staying all night. They replied in the affirmative and I showed them where to get the bedding in order that they might make pallets and be comfortable. I was glad to have them stay on the farm that night. Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock they left to go to their homes. I looked up everything and returned to the hotel. On Sunday they came over to help me put up the beds and unpack some other furniture. They remained until dusk and then left. Woodall said he and Butler would return Monday to get some corn and wheat which was in the crib, and which he had reserved in the contract.

Children off to Barn.

"Monday morning my sister-in-law, Mrs. Woodall, of Brooklyn, arrived in Dover and went out to the farm with me, my son, Howard, and

his wife, my mother-in-law, and two little boys. Mrs. Standish had with her little Rose Standish, six years old.

"Immediately after we arrived on the farm the three children began to romp and play on the porch and in the out-houses. About 9:30 o'clock, Woodall, Butler, Verden, and a man named Caldwell, came over to the barn to get corn and wheat. They had three wagons, which they lined up near the barn door.

"The three children followed the wagons to the barn. When they arrived their attention was attracted by a straw stack about twenty-five feet high, near the corner of the barn. There were two others, but not as large. Horace, John and Rose played on the stack for some moments, then they ran on the straw sliding down, and showing one another into the stack. After a few moments, John came to the house to have his grandmother fasten his clothes. We were in the house unpacking furniture. John's grandmother went out in the yard with John, and immediately after they stepped out of the door Rose came in, looking for him. She had left the carriage shed, and the straw stack, with Woodall, Butler, Verden, and Caldwell loading the wagons.

"I Can't Find Horace!"

"Rose ran through the house calling John, but could not find him. I supposed she was looking for him. She had left the carriage shed, and the straw stack, with Woodall, Butler, Verden, and Caldwell loading the wagons.

"I thought my heart would stop beating when she rushed back a moment later, saying, 'I can't find Horace.' I dropped the hammer I held and ran to the stack. Horace was nowhere to be found. Then I went through the barn, the stable, and the carriage shed, and called him, 'Oh Pete! Oh, Pete!' as loud as I could, but there was only the echo for an answer.

"I looked toward the ditch down near the creek, but he was not there. He was dressed in very heavy clothes and being so little he could not have walked out of sight across the ice-covered bog between the time Rose reported him missing and when I looked for him. I scrambled to the top of the 25-foot stack and looked all over the country for miles around. Down my lane I saw the three wagons rolling. In the rear wagon I saw a number of sacks standing up on end. I rushed madly about the farm and called Pete all the time. I looked under the barn, in the pig pen, in and under my wagons and carriages and everywhere near the house. I thought my mother-in-law would go insane. She screamed and shrieked, 'Oh, Horace is gone and we'll never find him here in this strange country.'

"That remark almost paralyzed me, but I sent my boy Howard out on a hunt and also dispatched a note to Sheriff Hartnett to come out immediately. He did not come out until the next day.

Route of the Wagons.

"I went back to the stack, examined it thoroughly, but failed to find any track of my baby. I consoled myself with the thought that maybe one on the wagons had been foolish enough to take him off for a ride. He was an attractive child and looked just like a picture. Everyone was fond of him, and I thought the men had taken a fancy to him.

"Those wagons took a peculiar route. They went down my lane to Verden's lane, and up to Verden's house. There they say they unloaded the sacks of grain and put on some wood and a barrel of water. The route they took was most suspicious, and there was no occasion for hauling water two miles to Kitt's Hammock when there is plenty water there. Butler at first said he last saw my baby on the stack and afterward he said that Horace was on the ground when he drove off. It is all mighty funny. I have never harmed anyone here or anywhere else. I came here to make friends, to be kind and kind with kindness and respect and receive the same from him. This was to be my home, and I intended spending my last days here. Everything would have been cheerful and bright had not the thief swooped down upon the sunbeam of my existence.

"My boy was kidnapped about 10 o'clock in the morning. A thorough search of the farm was made by all of us. I thought perhaps he would come back to dinner, but he did not. As night drew near I believed I was dying. I felt as though my heart would burst with my breast. I could not sleep. I heard the clock strike the hours, and my fears grew strong at each tick. Horace had never before been out of my sight five consecutive hours.

"We hunted for Butler, Woodall, Verden, and Caldwell. We found them and talked with them. They said they left him at the stack. Woodall objected to coming back to show the exact spot. I was not impressed with his conduct. Tuesday we let the furniture and the house go and devoted all our time to searching for my boy. Howard and I took down all the straw from the stack and examined all the ground around it.

House Where Boy Was Held.

"Then we went down through the old boggy wasteland in the rear of the barn, to the creek, to the ditch. Ice half an inch thick covered the ditch. Over near the fence, where another ditch joins the big one, we found a fence rail frozen to the ice. There were muddy tracks on the ice and the rail. The top rail of the fence was broken, and the branches of little trees were broken. We followed this trail to Kitt's Hammock, where it led us. Woodall lived there now. I asked him about my boy. He said he had not seen Horace. I hunted around, and I finally struck a house where I thought my boy was being held. The door was locked. I could not get in. We went to the sheriff and asked him to send a deputy to search the house and several others. He said he had no authority. The search was never made. "My boy was in that house. I tracked the kidnaper there. He was afterward taken away to some place for safe keeping. I believe I would have Horace with me now if the sheriff had searched the house.

"As days went on I grew more and more nervous as to the fate of my child. I have always believed and always will that some one close by my farm got my child. I don't believe he is dead, unless the kidnappers murdered him to cover up their crime.

"My son Harvey came to Dover to help in the search. He and I booted the matter down to the men I suspected. Harvey suggested that we go there in Western style and get the truth out of them. They all refused

to talk and said they would sue if arrested. Harvey thought the only way to get the truth from them was to string them up with a rope as we used to do thieves out in Dakota, but the authorities here warned against that. "Butler has told half a dozen persons that he expected I would have him arrested every day.

"Call Off Detectives."

"Some days ago Mrs. Woodall asked if my boy had been found. I told her no. She said, 'Call off your detectives and you might get him.' She asked me if there was any reward. I told her something like \$10,000. She said, 'Well, if that's true you'll get him back. But call off the detectives.' I don't know whether or not to believe there is anything in that. "The detective appropriated \$2,000 to aid the searchers. The detectives came and made a search but found nothing. They remained on my farm all the time and told everyone who asked that they were detectives. A better plan would have been to make up as farmers or fishermen and associate with the suspects. I told them the names of several men who were under suspicion. They refused to make arrests, saying they had no evidence. I think they wanted the man to confess before making an arrest. I have spent \$1,800 for detectives, postage, railroad fare, and other expenses, and I'll spend every penny I have in order to find my boy dead or alive.

"A man whose name I do not know, but he doesn't bear the best reputation, disappeared from Kitt's Hammock the day after my child was stolen. He reappeared five days later. Detective Lore, of Jersey, went down there to arrest him for housebreaking the day he returned, but the man had skipped out again. This man stole my child, or carried it away after it was stolen. He is an intimate friend of one of the men who was on my farm the day Horace disappeared.

Not Seeking Revenge.

"My belief is that my boy was carried to Kitt's Hammock and secreted there for a short time. I think he is in some fisherman's house, and will be returned some day. If it is money they want they can have all I've got if they'll only bring back my child. I'll ask no questions nor will I seek revenge. I shall only thank God for restoring him to me.

"Dr. Marvin receives about 150 or 200 letters a day from sympathizers and cranks. He has a box containing about 5,000 letters. In the morning he goes over each letter carefully, throwing aside those of a crankish nature, and assorting letters of sympathy and suggestion. When he finishes the stack he gathers up the letters, shakes his head and says, 'No. There's nothing in that mail.' Then he puts the letters away. After dinner he answers a few letters, and reads the whole batch over again.

Many writers tell him to search the straw stack and marshes. Others suggest that he consult a clairvoyant. The Catholics have great faith in the efficacy of a prayer to St. Anthony. Some writers say the child is dead, others insist some one near the Marvin farm has the child.

One crank wrote, 'Take a board out of which a knot has fallen. Hold this to your mouth at daybreak and holler through the hole, 'Kidnapers, bring back my child.' Say this three times, and the boy will be returned.'

A clairvoyant in New York wrote that while in a trance she saw the child floating on the surface of a river near an old mill.

The police of Dover, Wilmington, and Philadelphia believe the child has met with foul play, and will never be found.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MINERS ON STRIKE

BERNIE, B. C., April 20.—Fifteen thousand men now are involved in the coal miners' strike, including those at the smelters which have closed down. The industries in every part of the West from here within a radius of 300 miles are closing down.

Within one week no trains can be operated in this locality unless the miners return to work. Passenger and perishable freight traffic are all that the railroads are handling. The Canadian Pacific railroad has confiscated every ton of coal in sight, and it has only supplies enough to last another week.

On Tuesday a conference under the anti-strike law will be held, but the miners apparently are preparing for a long strike.

EARL OF WEMYSS PAINTING HIS PORTRAIT

LONDON, April 20.—The "grand old man" of the British peerage, the Earl of Wemyss, who is a warm personal friend of William Pitt, is celebrating his ninetieth year by painting a large portrait of himself in oils.

Lord Wemyss is an artist of more than average ability, and one of his pictures was exhibited in the Royal Academy some years ago. He is a picturesque old man, and so hale and hearty that he spends two mornings a week playing a strenuous game of golf. "The links at his country seat at Gosford have been played over by some famous men and women. The Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Patricia came near, and time playing golf when visiting Gosford. The portrait of himself, which Lord Wemyss is painting at his town house in St. James' place, by means of a mirror is intended as a birthday present for his wife.

A GOOD SYMPATHETIC LISTENER.

A doctor whose large practice had made an assistant necessary was hardly competent.

"He's good enough for what I want him for," said the doctor. "I don't expect him to prescribe for my patients, but to listen to their gossip. In many cases the privilege of taking over his troubles with the doctor constitutes the biggest part of a patient's cure. I haven't time to listen to all these complaints myself, hence the need of an assistant. This man is good looking and sympathetic. Callers will readily unburden their hearts to him, then, when they are ready for real medical advice he can pass them on to me."—New York Sun.

TO KNOW CRIMINALS BY THEIR PALATES

BERLIN, April 20.—As if the poor criminals did not have troubles enough since the adoption of the Bertillon system, a doctor of Vienna has discovered a new way of indexing the denizens of the "world that preys."

"By their palates ye shall know them," he announces. Dr. Paul Prager, an Austrian army surgeon, says that criminals should have the shapes of their palates registered by plaster casts—a system, he thinks, superior to finger prints.

Dr. Prager has taken thousands of casts of human palates from different people and found no two even slightly resembling each other.

The markings of the palate remain unchanged throughout life, and its individuality is greater and more permanent than any part of the body.

LADY SARAH WILSON EXPERT BRIDGE PLAYER

LONDON, April 20.—Lady Sarah Wilson is said to be the best bridge player in London this year. She has won more games than any other player in the "smart set," and her run of luck at some country houses has been simply phenomenal. Lady Sarah does everything well.

She was a clever correspondent during the South African war, when she managed to get herself captured by the enemy, and she has written many brilliant articles since.

She has a plan for publishing a daily paper for women in London, which will probably be successful, if certain financial details can be arranged. Lady Sarah is convinced that there is a legitimate field for such a publication, which would be edited and printed by women alone, with Lady Sarah as the editor-in-chief.

EXHIBIT SERVANTLESS HOUSE OF THE FUTURE

BERLIN, April 20.—One of the most interesting exhibits at the Eighth International Architectural Exposition, which opens at Vienna on May 15, are the plans and a model of the "servantless house of the future," originally built in Copenhagen by Prof. Otto Pick, who is now in New York for the purpose of interesting American millionaires in the forming of a syndicate to build similar houses all over the world.

Prof. Pick, who has been received in audience by the Kaiser and King Frederick of Denmark, his native country, had been expected to lecture on his novel house at Vienna during the exposition, but at the last moment he preferred to go to the United States, as the only place where he could hope to get the necessary money to carry out his projects.

FREDERICK, MD., FIRE ENTAILS \$60,000 LOSS

FREDERICK, Md., April 20.—Fire today destroyed two business houses and damaged three others, entailing a loss estimated at \$60,000.

The fire originated in the antique furniture establishment of Frederick Obendorf, which was entirely wiped out, his loss being \$10,000, with \$25,000 insurance.

Other losses were: A. M. Landauer & Co., wholesale notions, \$10,000; Harris & Fuller, wholesale grocers, \$10,000; damages on N. J. Wilson & Sons, stove dealers, stock and building; Birley Brothers, damage on building; Hersberger estate, damage to building, and Miss Sarah Galt, damages to building. Owing to calmness of the night a serious conflagration was prevented.

W. F. Frederick Music Co.'s Great Clearance Sale of the B. G. Pfeiffer Stock of Grands, Uprights, and Player-Pianos



Interior of Store 1328 F St. Where Sale Is Being Held

It was one of Europe's most famous military geniuses who said:

"I have observed that in the tumult of war or in the calm of home music is the world's strongest influence for good."

And now it is the greatest piano firm in America which is giving this "strongest influence for good" to the people of Washington in such a manner and on such terms as to put it in the ready reach of every household.

The new W. F. Frederick Music Company has taken over the entire stock of the Pfeiffer Piano House, at 1328 F street northwest, and is offering this stock for sale with a romantic generosity that recalls the stories of the ease and liberality with which Cupid deals in hearts in the moonlight of a midsummer night.

Excellent Assortment.

Pianos of standard makes, pianos that have received the commendation of the world's greatest pianists, pianos large and small—all are offered to the Washington public on the public's own terms and at prices which are in many cases less than half the real values of the instruments. Purchasers are assured that practically they may make their own arrangements about the size of the payments they shall make on the pianos. The main object, the only object, of the W. F. Frederick Music Company is to sell and to sell quickly.

Nor is this desire without excellent reason. The W. F. Frederick Music Company does business on a big scale, on a bigger scale than business is done by any other American firm handling pianos. It has an endless chain of warehouses throughout Maryland, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and it has secured the Pfeiffer house to convert it into the one crowning grand link in this chain. The company will make the National Capital the superlative place in its territory. It will fill the case of the National Capital with pianos even finer and grander than the instruments now in it.

But room must be made for the new stock, a stock that will contain pianos of the most exquisite type. And to secure this room, the Pfeiffer stock must be gotten out of the way at the earliest moment possible. That the W. F. Frederick Music Company is in earnest when it says the Pfeiffer stock must go at any cost, or at practically no cost to the public, is shown by some of its offerings, as follows:

How the Prices Fall.

One set of Cabinet Grand Uprights, worth from \$275 to \$400, cut down to \$137, \$164, \$196, \$215, and \$242. Other uprights, worth from \$400 to \$600, set down to anywhere from \$254 to \$345. And still another group of the World's Best Uprights, worth from \$500 to \$600, cut to \$337, \$356, and \$435. The company even offers a slightly used upright for the mere trifle of \$87, and another for \$98. It will sell the first corner Ancestral piano player for only \$100, and to cap the climax in this section of depth of prices, it presents a slightly used Steinway grand piano for \$300. This sale opened Tuesday, April 16. Since that time the store and warehouses at 1328 F street have been crowded, and vans have piled busily from the

largely varied stock are Chickering and Steinway grands, quarter grands, baby grands, parlor grands, and concert grands; the Rehnig, the Haines Bros., Price & Topley, Eberhard, Marshall & Wendell, Foster, Brewster, Cole, and others.

Only Praises Heard.

Of these pianos, only the greatest commendation has been heard ever since they were put on the market. Press dispatches to this city recently told of a scientist who claimed that the human voice had colors and who gave the various hues of the voices of the world's greatest singers. It would be interesting to have that scientist attempt to do justice by any colors or combination of colors to the tones of these pianos.

Everyone knows that the tone is the one supreme essential in a piano. These instruments have the desired sweetness and softness of tone. Built so as to be the handsomest ornaments for any parlor or drawing room, they are lasting, combining every desirable thing in instruments of this kind.

Not only are mere pianos offered at these low prices, but there are player pianos at correspondingly low figures. Worth from \$700 to \$1,000, they are being sold at \$395 and slightly higher. This is a record in low prices for these marvelous instruments.

The public has been quick to take advantage of the terms. People from Virginia and Maryland have been among the purchasers. And yet, the W. F. Frederick Music Company is not satisfied. It wants every piano out of the warehouses and the stores at the very earliest date possible. Good bargains are going every day, and others are left for the next purchaser.

The new occupants of the building intend to make alterations and improvements in the structure. When explaining their willingness to offer the stock at prices that make them look almost like gifts.

Lovers' Trysting Place.

A piano sale should be, and generally is, a thing of universal interest. It would be hard, indeed, to find a family in which there was not one real devotee of music. And the blessings that flow from a piano are manifold. The piano is the trysting place every evening of millions of sweethearts, for it is there that love songs are sung and love made through the ivory keys.

It is from the piano that the wives draw music in the evenings to please and rest their husbands after the day's work. It is at the piano that faltering, childish fingers pick out the numbers and learn the lessons that will, perhaps, result in great musical careers. At the piano college boys sing their songs to their sisters' accompaniment. And no home in which there is a piano lacks amusement and entertainment.

The W. F. Frederick Music Company realizes all these things and knows the universal desire for pianos. Consequently, it has no fear that the entire stock of the Pfeiffer house will be sold, and it does not hurry to sell. It takes this position:

No Time to Lose.

"We are giving the Washington public an unprecedented opportunity in piano prices. It is such a chance as will not occur again in this generation. Therefore, the public should accommodate us by doing their buying promptly. Delays will not be of value to the purchaser, while they will be of harm to the company. We want our new stock installed and we want alterations in the building. Those who intend to purchase should do so at once."

When the purchaser will find on entering the stores is, as has been indicated, well-nigh indescribable. But the follow-

Exceptional Opportunity to Secure Pianos of Merit at One-Third to One-Half Off Regular Prices.

Undoubtedly the Greatest Sale of Its Character Ever Held in Washington. Easy Terms of Payment.

Store Open Evenings.

partial list shows how rich is the field from which to select, as long as the field lasts:

3 New \$250 Pianos now \$117.
2 New \$300 Pianos now \$154.
5 New \$325 Pianos now \$157.
21 New \$350 Pianos now \$215.
15 New \$400 Pianos now \$224.
10 New \$450 Pianos now \$237.
15 New \$500 Pianos now \$257.

Easiest of Terms.

It is a mistake for those who think they are "not quite ready to buy" to lose the opportunities offered by this sale. Pianos can be secured any day or evening by the payment of a small deposit and the promise to pay \$5.00 or \$10.00 per month. It requires no hoarded wealth to get the instrument. It will require no particular amount of skimping and saving in the future. Never was the path to music and musical instruments made more easy than in this one.

One provision is made by the company. No pianos will be reserved. It is useless to go to the stores and ask to have an instrument held for a few days. Absolutely and without variation, the rule is followed that the pianos go to the first purchasers who present themselves at the stores and say they want to buy. This is done because it is exactly in line with the company's chief motive in making this extraordinary sale, the desire to make room for the new stock.

The explanation for the enthusiasm aroused by the sale is that unusually high quality is offered for unusually low price. There is nothing shoddy in the entire stock. It is all first-class, and want, good pianos of beautiful design and exquisite tone.

How It Happened.

One of the best testimonials to the excellence of this stock which is being swept into Washington homes by a veritable hurricane of falling prices is that D. G. Pfeiffer did not sell his stock and business because he had to. It was for quite another reason.

When the W. F. Frederick Music Company broached the plan to him of merging his business with the company's he saw the advantage of such an arrangement and accepted it. He was then made vice president of the large corporation known as the W. F. Frederick Music Company and he will remain here as the local manager for the firm.

In this way it is a gain on all sides. Washington gets one of the best piano stores in the world, the people of Washington get pianos at the lowest prices possible, the W. F. Frederick Company gets an unusually capable officer and local manager, and Mr. Pfeiffer becomes identified with the big corporation as one of its directing spirits.

Wants Public's Help.

The sale will not last long. It can not last long. The demand for the bargains is greater than the cry for pianos has ever been before. There will not be much time left for the purchase of the highest grade instruments known on the best terms ever offered here in this time. The W. F. Frederick Music Company would like the sale to end tonight or tomorrow. It wants the help of the public to make it end swiftly. The urgent demand now is for haste—haste, so that the new stock may be installed in the improved and altered stores and warehouses of the Pfeiffer establishment. To achieve this haste, the prices have been cut down to almost nothing. While the people hurry to buy, the company urges more haste, and the sale goes on with increasing rapidity and volume.